

The Second Booke

2

O F

A Y R E S,

Containing Pastorall

D I A L O G U E S

For two Voyces, to sing either to the *Theorbo*,
Harpficon, or *Basse Violl*.

Also short *Ayres* for three Voyces, with a thorow
B A S S E.

Composed by many Excellent Masters in *MUSIC*,
now living.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *John Playford*, and are to bee
sold at his Shop, in the Inner Temple, 1652.

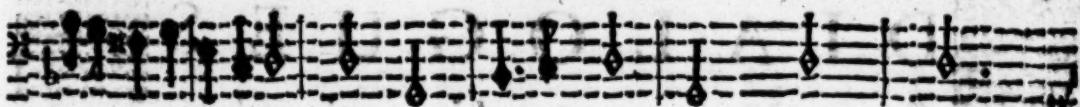
Pastorall Dialogues for a Basse and Treble.



Prethe keep my sheep for me *Corilla*, wilt thou tell? First



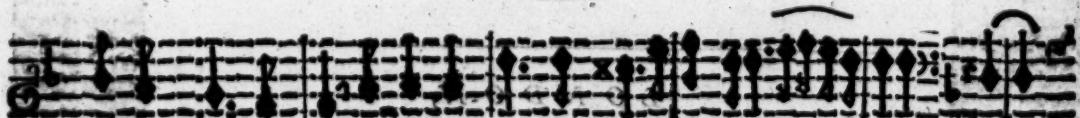
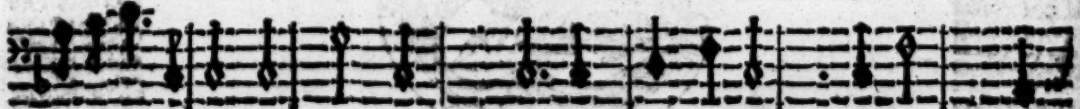
let me have a kisse of thee and I will keep them well, If thou a while but to my



little flock will look, thou shalt have this imbrodred skrip & silver hook- No other favour



or reward I crave, but one poor kisse. A kisse thou must not have. And why? Such in-



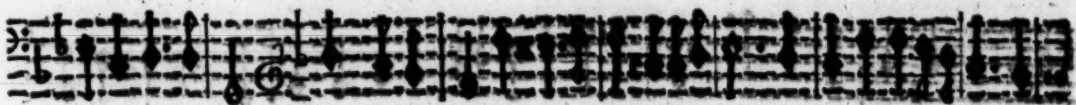
-cements maids must fly, this Garland thou shalt have of Roses & of Lil-lies. Nor



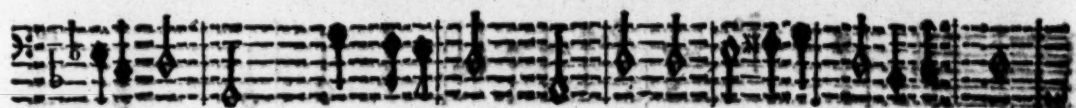
Pastorall Dialogues for a Basse and Treble.



skrip, nor hook, nor garland sweetest *Philis*, doe I require, to kisse thy fresh and rosie lip, in



only my desire. Take then a kisse, and let me go, till I return, thy care upon my neck abo-

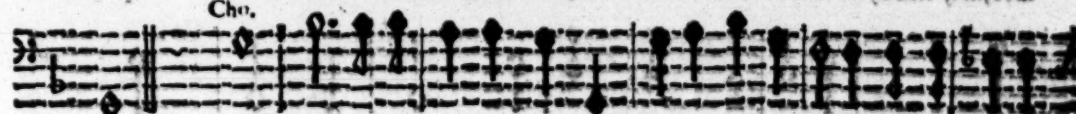


Cho.



-flow. Sweet, sweet is that kisse, that doth with true and iust de-fire, as much a-nother

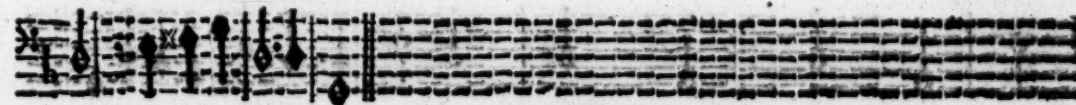
Cho.



Sweet, sweet is that kisse, that doth with true and iust de-fire, as much a-nother

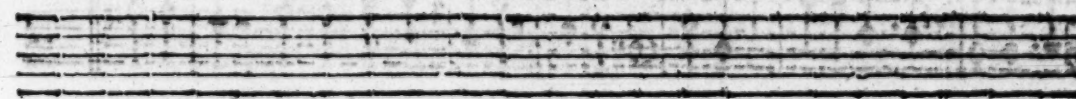


give, as to it selfe require.



give, as to it selfe require.

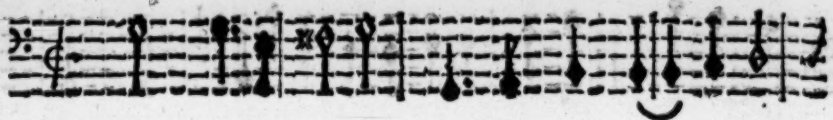
Mr. *Nich. Lanars.*



Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.



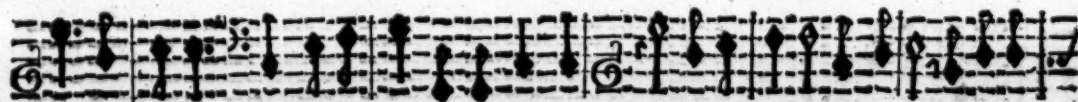
Hee phard in faith I cannot stay, my wandering flocks call me away.



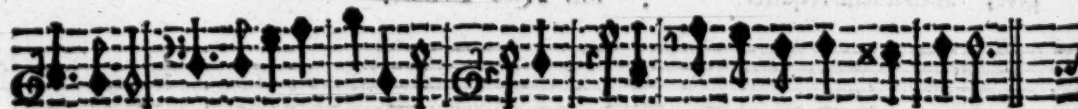
Philis, I fwear since I have caught thee now upon thy rose lips, I'll pay my vow. Who lives in



love, may not by force constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain I prethe,



Stephen leave me. Dear *Philis* leave to contemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my



self defend. Vain is all defence & art. Cruel, cruel, thou do'st of breath bereave me.



Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.

5

Cho.



Since I have thee ere I part, I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips printing on thy

lips.

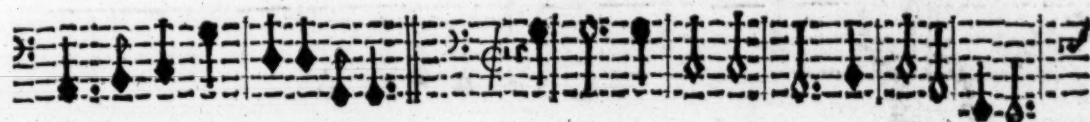


Since I have thee ere I part, I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a



lips, a thousand such as this is

Thus *Strepson* bold layd downe his lovely *Phillis*.



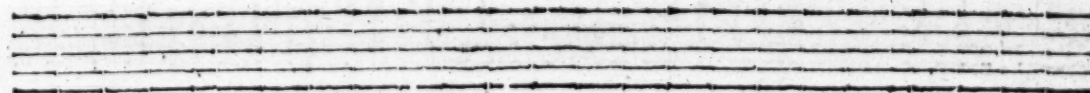
thousand, thousand such as this is.



And kist her breath lesse, and kist her breath lesse upon a bank of Lillies.



Mr. *Nich. Lannare.*



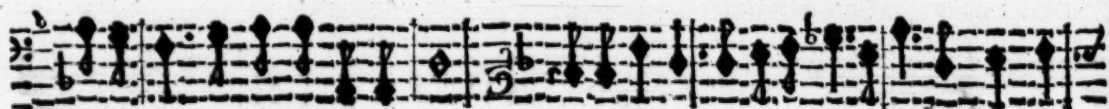
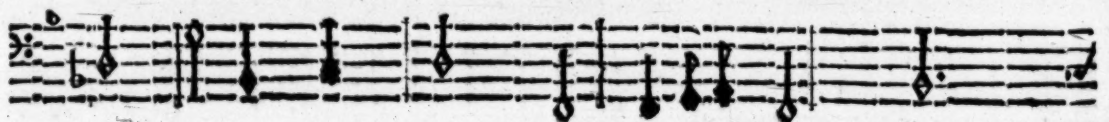
Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.



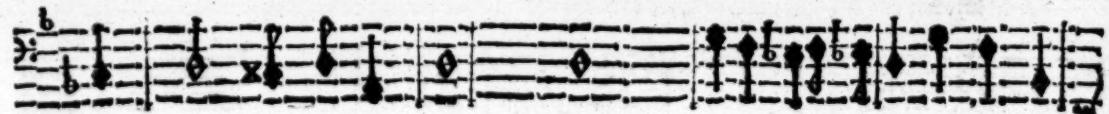
Come my *Daphne*, come away, we do waite the christal day. Tis,



Strephon calls, what would my love? Come follow to the mirtle grove, where *Venus*



I shal prepare new chaplets for thy haire. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to



follow thee My Sheperdes, make haste the minutes slide so fast. In those cooler shades



will I blind as Cupid kisse your eye. In thy bosome then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who



Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.

7

Cho.



would not loose his way.

We'le laugh and leave this world behinde, and Gods

Cho.



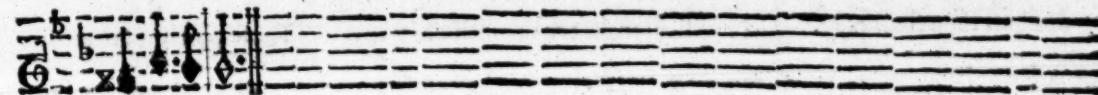
We'le laugh and leave this world behinde, and Gods



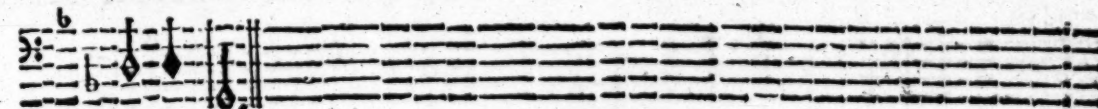
themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such joyes when they embrace



themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such joyes when they embrace a



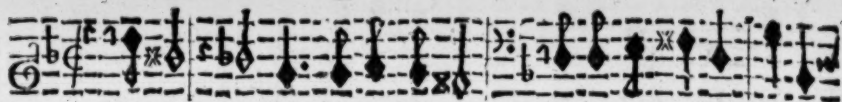
a Die-ty.



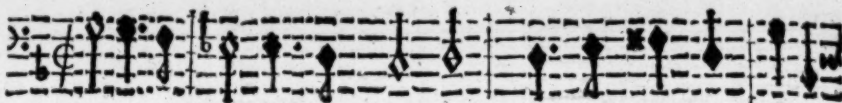
Die-ty.

Mr. William Lawes.





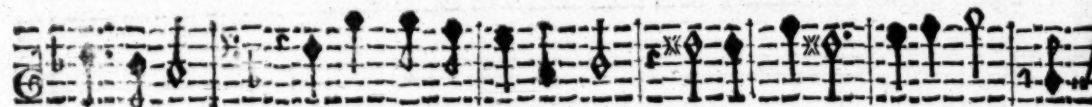
Or beare fond swain, I cannot love. I prethe faire one, tell me



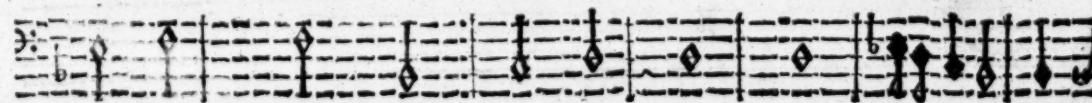
why thou art so cold? You do but move to take a way my liberty. I'll keep thy sheepe,



whilst thou shalt play. Delight shall make each month a May. Those pleasant are un-



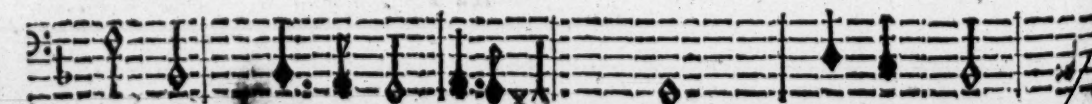
-thirsty houres. Thou shalt have the choycest flowers, wax and Hony, milk & woole, of

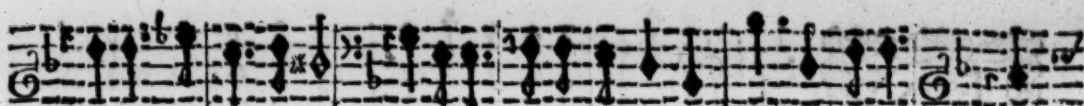


ripest fruits thy belly full. My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not so, but let them undi-



-stinguisht go. I can afford no more. Ah cease. Love come so far may yet encrease.





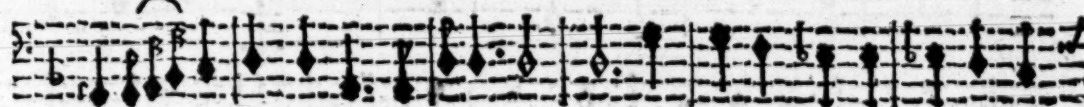
Each day I'll grant a kisse. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then



Shepherd love thy fill. I shall who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we



both our flocks up hither, that we may pitch. That we may pitch



Then draw we both our flocks up hither. That we may pitch that we may pitch



our folds together. A midst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blame-



our folds together. A midst our chaste imbracements meet Our selves as



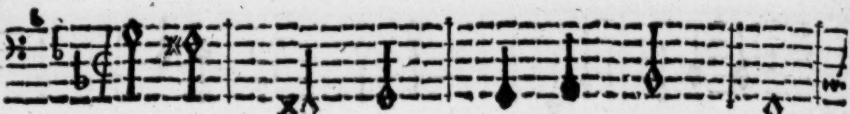
-lesse as our sheep, our selves as blamelesse as our sheep.



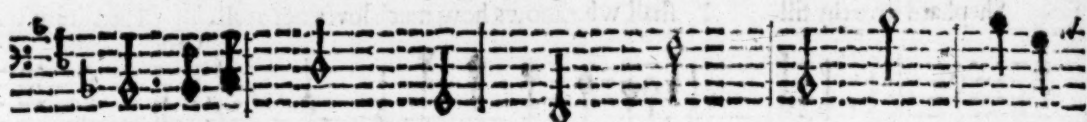
blamelesse as our sheep. Our selves as blamelesse as our sheep.



Ear *Silvia*, let thy *Thirsis* know, what 'tis that makes those tears ore

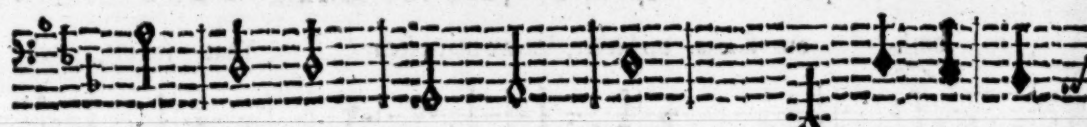


flow. Are the Kids that us'd to play, and skip so nimbly gone astray? Are *Cloris* flowers more



fresh & green? Or is some other Nymph made Queen?

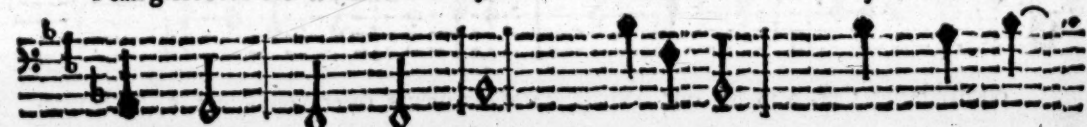
Thirsis, do'st thou think that



I can grieve for this when thou art by?

What is it then?

My father bids that



I no longer feed my Kids with thine, but *Coridons*, and weare none but his garlands on my



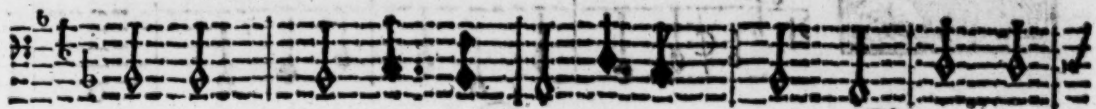
haire.

Why so? Why so my *Silvia*? Wil he keep thy flocks more safe when thou do'st





sleep? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise, when chanted with his round delays? No



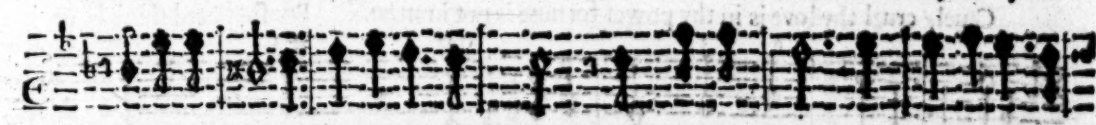
Thirſt I my flocks muſt joyn with his, 'cauſe they are more then thine.



Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their flocks, their flocks,



Rocks, cruell as the rocks, joyn not their children, but their flocks, their flocks, and Hymen



and Hy-men calſ to light his torches there, and Hymen calſ to light his torches



calſ, Hymen calſ to light his torches there, and Hymen calſ, and Hymen calſ to light his torches



there, where fortune, not affections equall are.



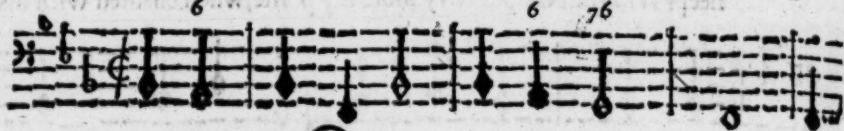
there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Charles Colman, Dr. in Muſick.





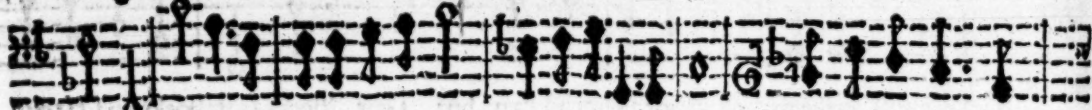
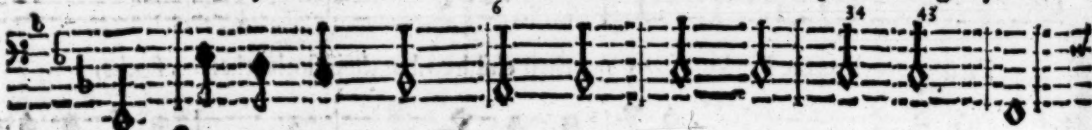
Id not you once *Lusinda* vow you would love none but me? I



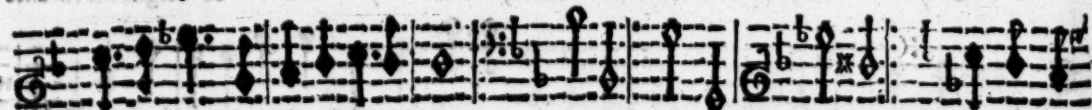
but my mother tels me now I must love wealth, not thee: 'Tis not my fault my sheep are



lean, or that they are so few. Nor mine I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you:



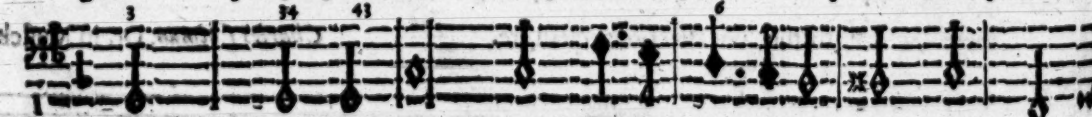
Cruel, cruel thy love is in thy power fortune is not in mine. But shephard think how

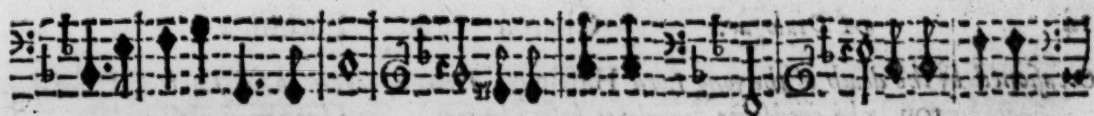


great my dower is in respect of thine Ah me, ah me, Ah me, Mock you my

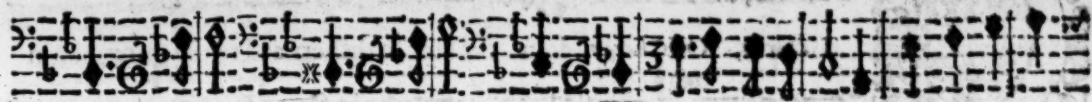
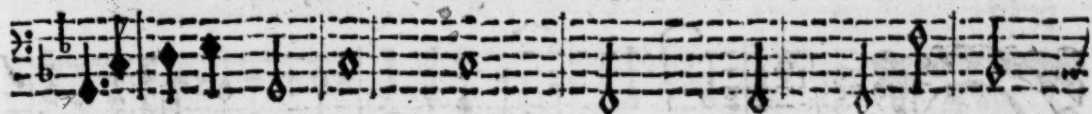


grief. I pit-ty thy hard fate. Pitty for love is poor, reliefe is poor, reliefe is poor re-





-lief, I'd rather chuse thy hate. But I must love thee. No. But I must love thee.



No. believe. No. Believe. No. He seale it with a kisse & give thee no more



cause to grieve, then what thou findest in this, I'll give thee no more cause to grieve, then



Cho.



what thou findest in this.

Be witnes then, be witnes then, you powers above, & by these

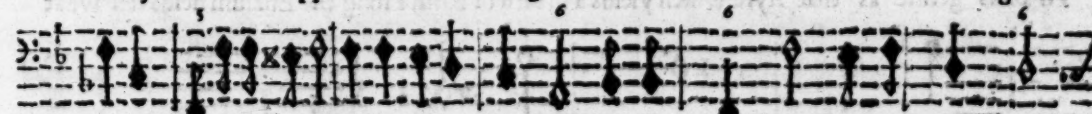


Be witnes then, be witnes then, you powers above, & by these



ho ly bands let it appear that truest love grows not on wealth,

grows



ho-ly bands let it appear that truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows



not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth nor lands.

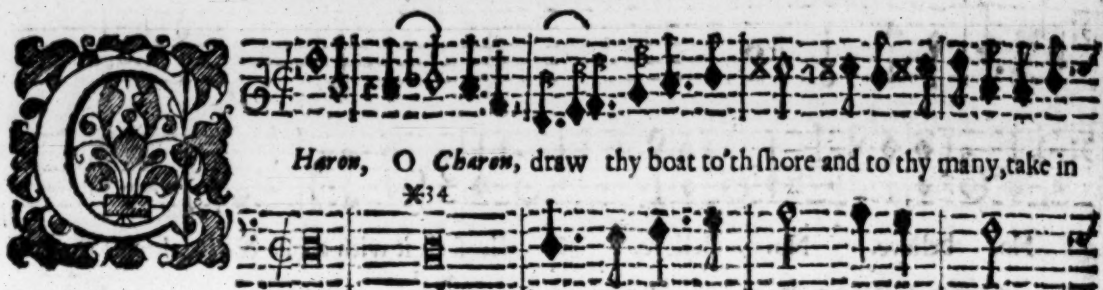


not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth nor lands.

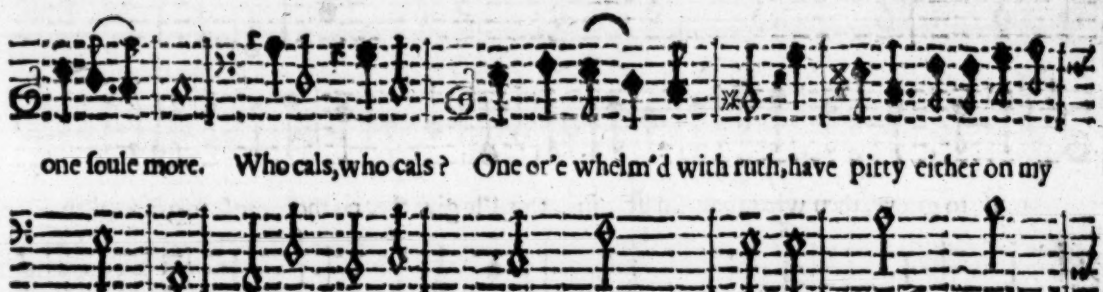
Dr. Ch. Colman.

Cc

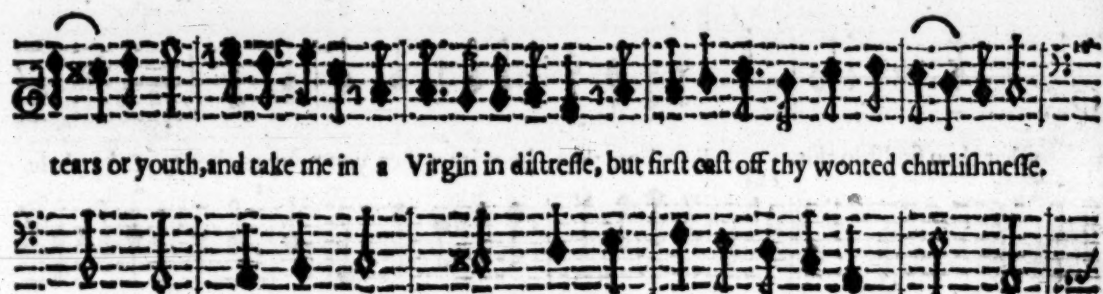
*Occasioned by the death of the yong Lord Hastings, Heire apparent to the Earle of Hunting-
ton, who dyed some few dayes before he was to have been marryed to
Sir Theodore Meiherns Daughter, in June, 1649.*



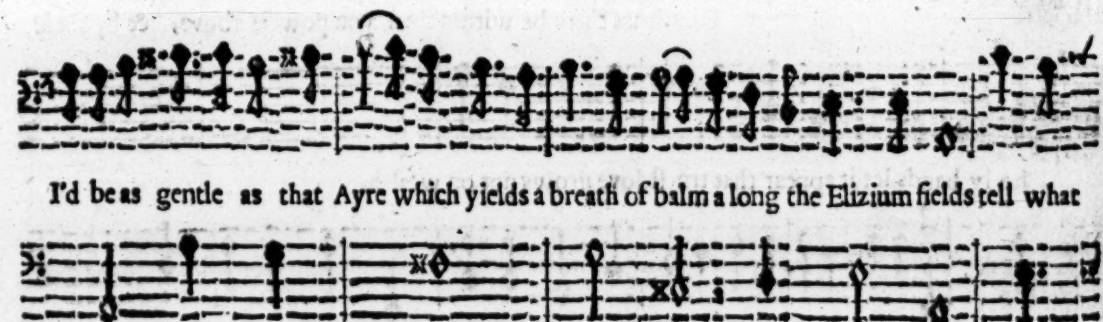
Charon, O Charon, draw thy boat to'th shore and to thy many, take in



one soule more. Who cals, who cals? One or'e whelm'd with ruth, have pittie either on my



tears or youth, and take me in a Virgin in distresse, but first cast off thy wonted charlishnesse.



I'd be as gentle as that Ayre which yields a breath of balm a long the Elizium fields tell what



thou art. A mayd that had a Love r then, which thy selfe ne're waisted sweeter over, he was



Say what. Ah me, my woes are deep. Prethe relate while I give care & weep. *Hastings,*



Hastings, was his name, and that one name has in it all good that is, and ever was, he was my



Cho.

life, my joy, my love, but dy'd, some houres before I should have been his Bride. Thus, thus the



Thus, thus the



Gods celestiaall still decree to humane joyes contingent mi-se-ry.

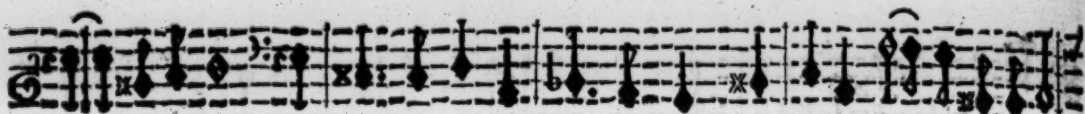


Gods celestiaall still decree to humane joyes, to humane joyes, coating ent mi-se-ry.



The hallow'd Tapers all prepared were, and *Hymns* cal'd to bless the Rites, stop there,

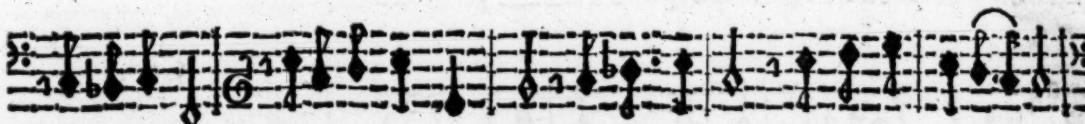




great are my woes. And great must that griefe be which makes grim *(charon here to pittie thee,*



but now come in. More I would yet relate. I cannot stay, more foules for waisting, wait,



and I must hence. Yet let me thus much know departing hence, where good & bad foules go.

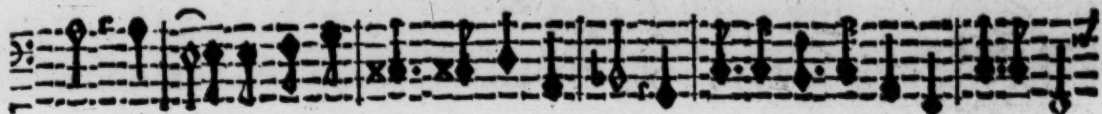


Those foules which nere were drencht in pleasures streams, the fields of *Pluto* are reserv'd for them,



where drest with garlands there they walk the ground whose blessed youth with endlesse flowers is





crown'd but such as have been drown'd in this wild sea, for those is kept the gulph of *Hecate*,



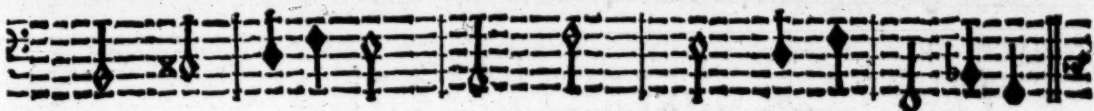
wherewith there owne contagion they are fed, and there do punish, and are punished. This



Cho.



know, the rest of thy sad story tell, when on the flood that nine times circles hell, we.



Cho.



We sayl from hence, we sayle from hence to vi- -sit mor- -tals never,



sayle We sayle from hence, we sayle from hence to vi- -sit mortals never, but there to



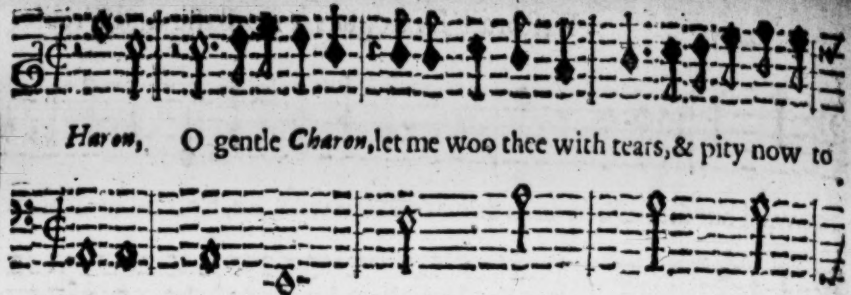
but there to live where love shall last, where love shall last for ever



live where love shall last, where love shall last for ever.

Dd

Mr. Henry Lawes;



Haron, O gentle *Charon*, let me woo thee with tears, & pity now to



come unto me. What voice so sweet & charming do I hear? say what thou art? I prethe



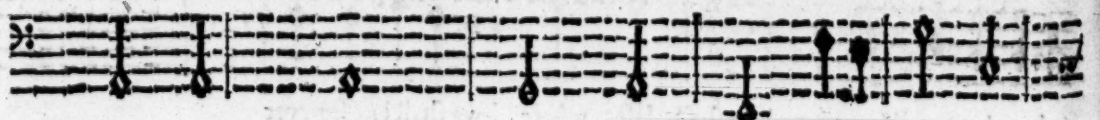
first draw near. A sound I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art. O *Charon*,



pitty me! I am a shade, & though no name I tell, my mournful voice wil say I'm *Philomel*.

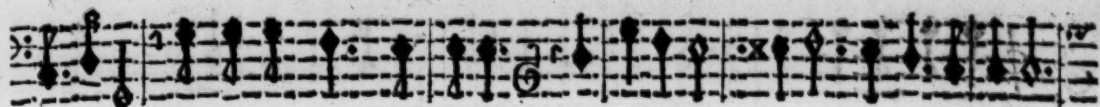


What's that to me? I waite, nor fish, nor fowle, nor beast, fond thing, but only humane soules:



Alas for me. Shame on thy warbling note, that made me hoise my saile, & bring my boat, but





I'll return: what mischief brought thee hither? A deal of love, and much, much grief together:



What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that fed my life, I follow her in death. And's



that all, I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of love, all pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give the



sighs & tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sayls or mending boat or oars? I'll beg a

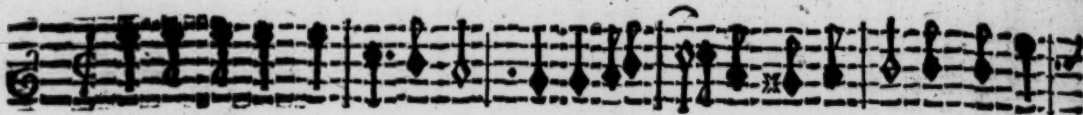


penny, or I'll sing so long till thou shalt say I've paid thee in a song. Why then begin:



D d 2

Vrs. sol.

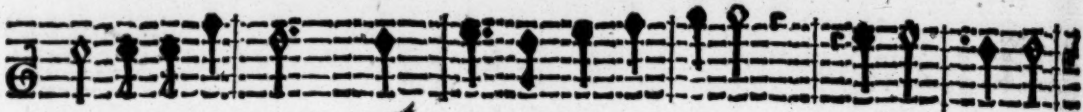


And all the while we make our sloathfull passage or'e the Strygian Lake, thou and I'll

Cho.



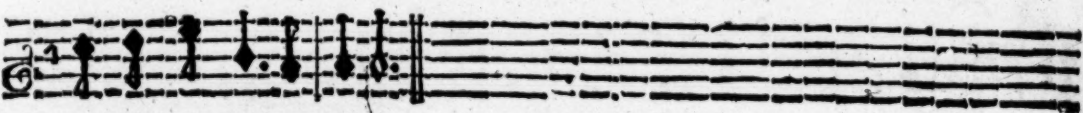
And all the while we make our sloathfull passage or'e the Strygian, Lake



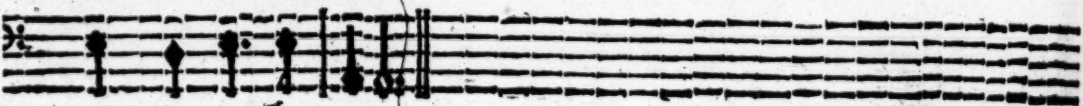
sing, thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades merry, who else with tears



thou and I'll sing, thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades merry, who else with tears will

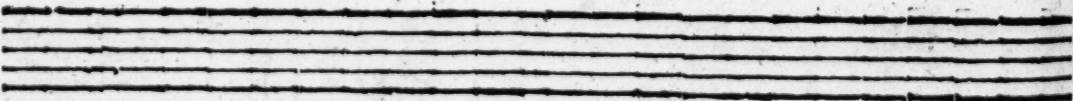


will doubtles drown our ferry.



doubt-les drown our ferry.

Mr. William Lawes.

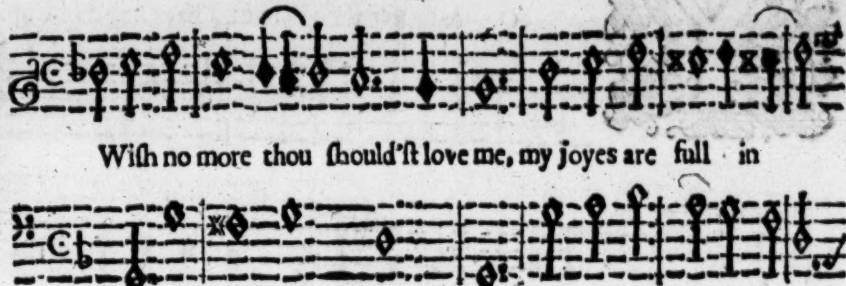


Heere beginneth short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces, both easie and delightfull
for all Practitioners in Musick.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr William Webb.



With no more thou should'st love me, my joyes are full in



loving thee, my heart's too narrow to containe my blisse, if thou shouldst love againe.



my heart's too narrow to containe my blisse, if thou shouldst love againe.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee,

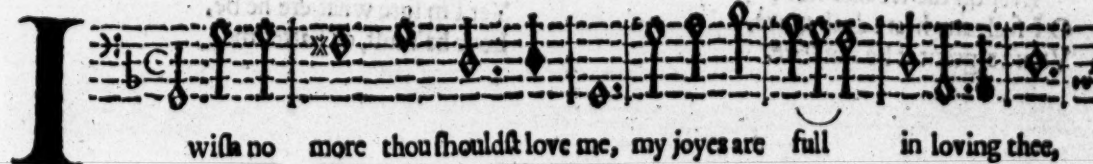


Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee,



my heart's too narrow to containe my blisse, if thou shouldst love againe.

Ec

Mr. William Webb.



Ong & simple though I am, I have heard of Cupids name, guefs I can



what thing it is, men desire when they do kisse, smoke can never burn they say, but the flames



that follow may, but the flames that follow may.



I am not so fond, so fair,
To be proud, or to despair;
Yet my lips have oft observ'd,
Men that kisse them presse too hard,
As glad Lovers use to doe,
When their new met Loves they wooe.

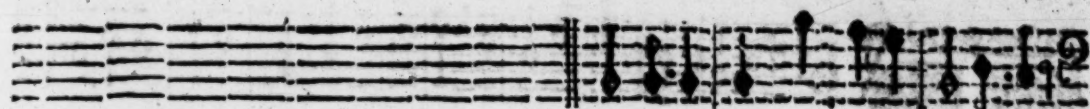
Faith 'tis but a foolish minde,
Yet me thinkes a heat I finde,
And thirstie longing that doth bide
Ever on the weaker side:
O I feele my heart doth move,
Vnles grant it be not love.

If it be alasfe, what then,
Were not women made for men?
As good it were a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last:
Roses that are overblowne,
Grow lesse sweet, and fall alone.

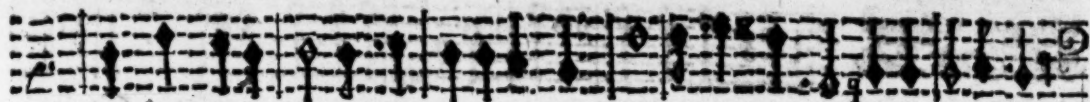
Yet no Churle or filken Gull
Shall my Virgin Blossom pull,
Who shall not, I soone can tell,
Who shall, would I could as well;
Yet I'm sure what ere he be,
Love he must, or flatter me.

Mr. Nicholas Lanncare.

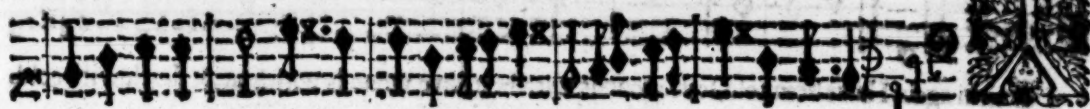
follow may, but the flames that follow may.



thing it is, men desire when they do kisse, smok can never burn they say, but the flames that



Ong and simple though I am, I have heard of Cupids name, gueffe I can what



Cantus secundus

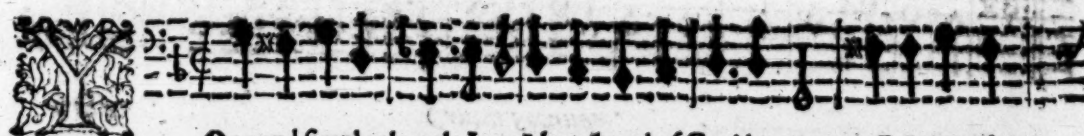
a. 3. Voc.

Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ong and simple though I am, I have heard of Cupids name, gueffe I can what



thing it is, men desire when they do kisse, smok can never burn they say, but the flames that



follow may, but the flames that follow may.

Mr. Nicholas Lanncare.

Ec 2

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am yong & cannot tell, either what love or death is well,



& then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.



Yet I have heard they both beare darts,
And both doe aime at humane hearts;
So that I feare they doe but bring
Extreames to touch, and meane one thing.

& then againe I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.



Hough I am yong, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well,



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am yong & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, & then a

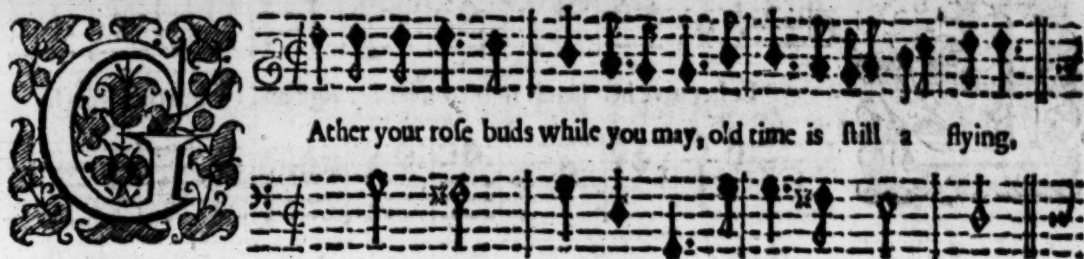


gain I have been told, love wounds with heate, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.

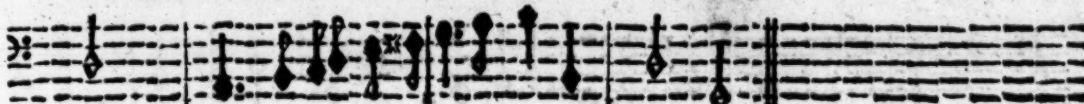
Mr. Nicholas Lanncare,

a. 3. Voc.

Mr. William Lawes.



And that same flower that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



The glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer,
Except not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may goe marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever t. r. y.

Mr. William Lawes.

flower that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, old time is still a flying, And that same

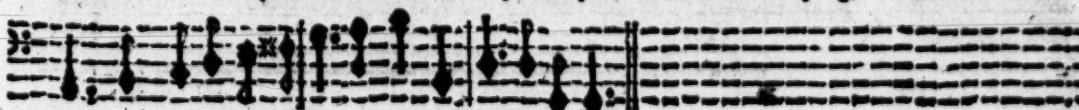
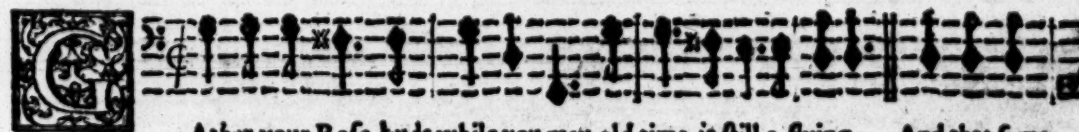


Tenor.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bass.



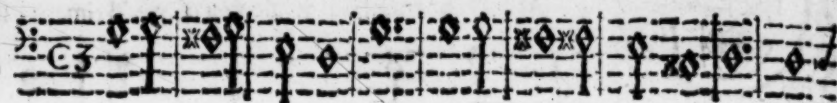
flower that smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

Mr. William Lawes.

ff



Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and sweare she dyes; he



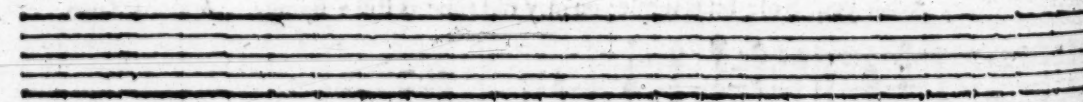
that thinkes he hath her love, I shall never, I shall ne- -ver, count him wise.



For be the old love ne're, so true, yet she is e- -ver for the new, yet she is ever



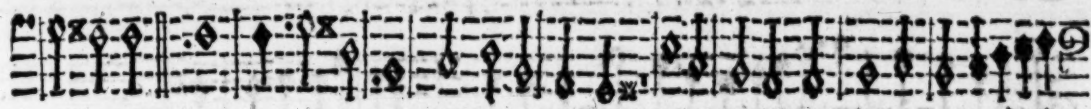
for the new.



Mr. William Webb.

old love ne're so true, yet she is e-
ver for the new, yet she is e-
ver for the new.

thinks he hath her love, I shall never, I shall never, shall never count him wife. For be the



Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and sweare she dyes; he that



a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Secundus.

Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

a. 3. Voc.

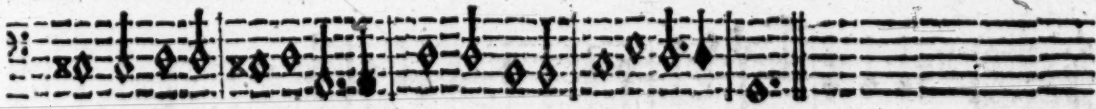
Bassus.



Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and sweare she dyes; he that thinks



he hath her love, I shall never, I shall never, never, count him wife. For be the old love ne're so



true, yet she is e- ver for the new, yet she is e- ver for the new.

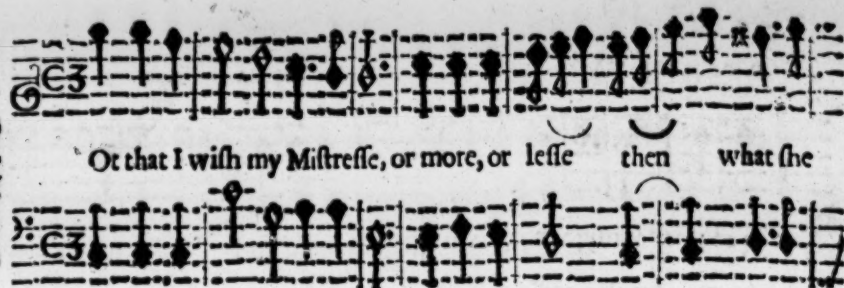
Mr. William Webb.

F f a

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr William Webb.



Or that I wish my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she



is, write I these lines; for 'tis too late, rules to prescribe un- to my fate.



But as the tender stomacks call
For choice of meats, yet brooke not all,
So gurafie love may here impart
Wh t Mistresse 'tis best takes the heart.
First I would have her richly spread
With natures blossome, white and red;
For flaming heat will quickly dye,
Where is no fuell for the eye.
Yet this alone will never win,
Unlesse some treasure be within;
For where the spoyles not worth the prey,
Men raise their seige, and march away.

I care not much if she be proud,
A little pride may be aloud;
The am'rous youth, will pray and prate
Too freely, where he findss no state.
Then I would have her full of wir,
So she know how to huswife it;
For she whose insolence will dare
To cry her wir, will shew her ware.
Last I would have her loving be,
(Mistake me not) to none but me;
She that lov.s one, and loves one more,
She'll love a Kingdome o're and o're.

Mr. William Webb.

lines; for 'tis too late, rules to pre- scribe un- to my fate.



Or that I wish my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she is, write I these

Cantus Secundus.

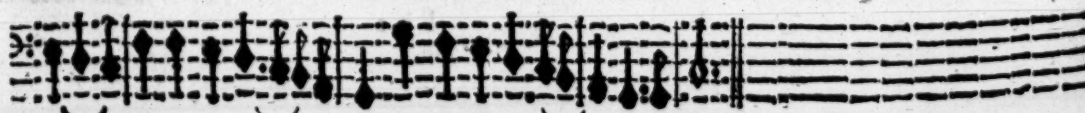
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Or that I wish my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she is, write I these



lines, for 'tis too late rules to prescribe un- to my fate.

Mr. William Webb

Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

19

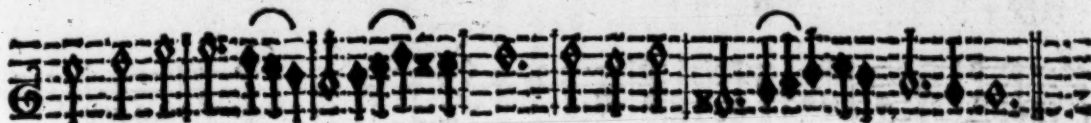
a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.



Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I lon- ger stay,



thine eyes prevaile up- on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.

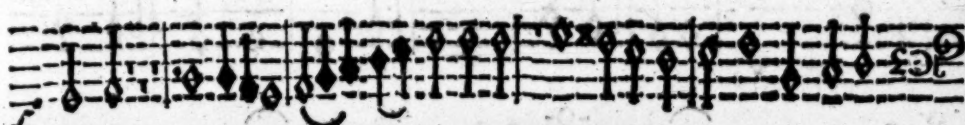


Mr. William Webb.

prevaile upon me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.



Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine eyes

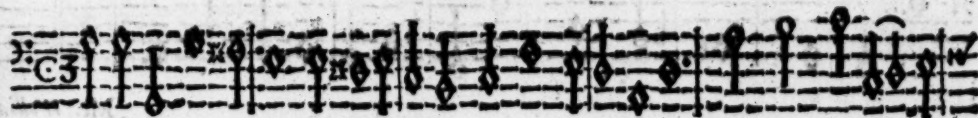


Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Loris farewell I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine eyes prevaile up-

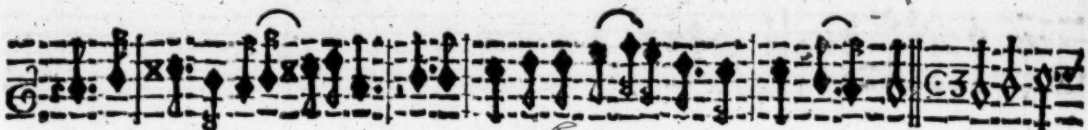


on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.

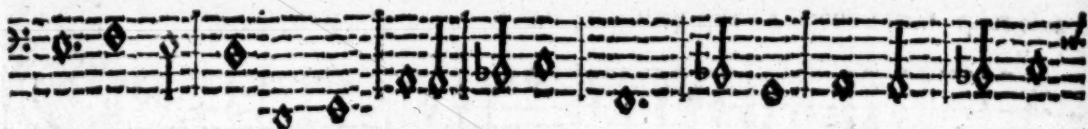
Mr. William Webb.

Gg

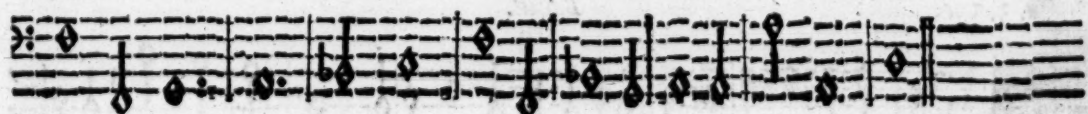
4. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.S the sweet breath and gentle gales of our *Parnassus* glads the vales,whose resounding Ec-choes prove a *Chorus*, a *Chorus* to our songs of love: So lofty

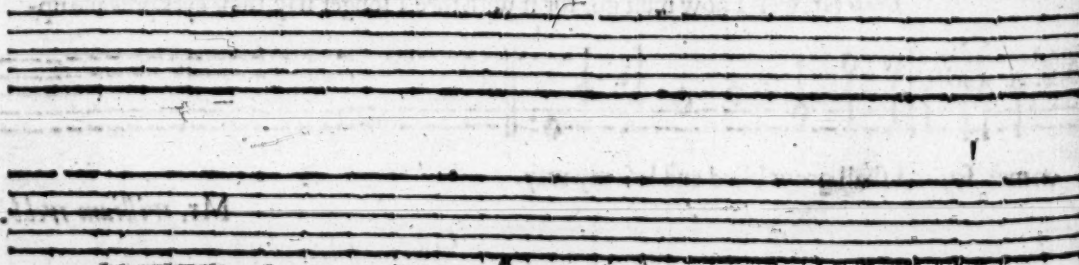
charms so softly charms, of Musicks skill, the ravisht heart with pleasures fill, with pleasures



fill, the voyce of Cupid sings a-bove, the heart below doth Ec-cho love.

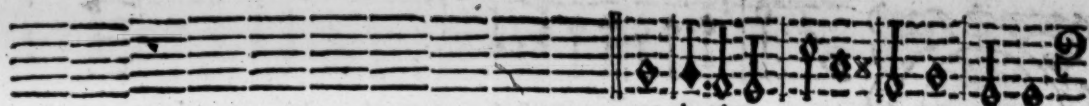


Mr. William Webb.

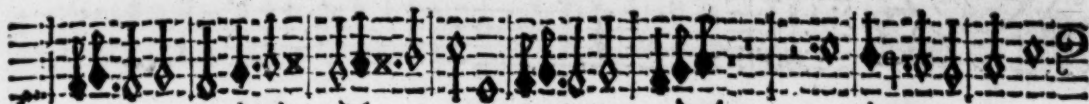


Mr. William Webb.

bove, the heart below doth Eccho love.



skill, the ra - with heart with pleasures fill, the voyce of Cupid sings a -



Ec - chos prove a Chorus, to our songs of love: So lofty charmes of Musicks



S the sweet breath and gen - the gales of our Per-na/-us glads the vales,



Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

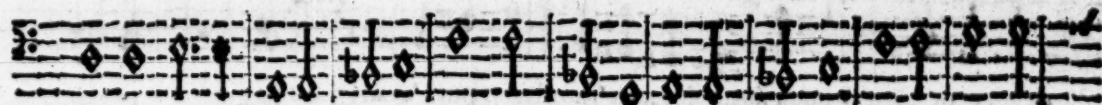
Bassus.



S the sweet breath and gentle gales of our Per-na/-us glads the vales, whose re-
soly.



Sounding Ecchoes, Ecchoes, prove a Chorus to our songs of love: So lofty charmes, so lofty



charmes of Musicks skill, the ravisht heart with pleasures fill, with pleasures fill, the voyce of



Cupid sings above, the heart below doth Eccho love.

Mr. William Webb.

These Verses belong to the Song in the next page.

How didst thou wooe with sighs and teares,
To undoe me in my bloome of yeares?
Then worth the love of every Swaine,
Who freely would on me bestow
Whole flocks, as white as Virgin snow,
But I did all disdain.

Or it thou wert resolv'd to wound
Me with thy scorne, could none be found
To be the darling of thine eyes
But servile Mopsa, whose best face
Was on my flock, and me to wait,
A ill-bred Shepherdesse?

O may that Charme upon her face
Betray thy heart to love disgrace,
And to her pride, thou Triump be:
Dye for her love, as I for thine,
No shephard's teare bedew thy shrine
A just revenge for me.



Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove after thy many vowes of love



so false to lose me with thy will? Though I am not so yong and faire as when thy



Garlands crown'd my haire, I am *Urania* still.



Garlands crown'd my haire, I am *Urania* still.



lose me with thy will? Though I am not so yong and faire, as when thy



Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to



Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. var.

a. 3. var.

Basso.



Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false



to lose me with thy will? Though I am not so yong and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd



my haire, I am *Urania* still.

FINIS.



Mr. William Webb.

66.



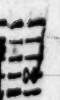
love



Ca



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wn'd



rib